TRANSLINGUAL

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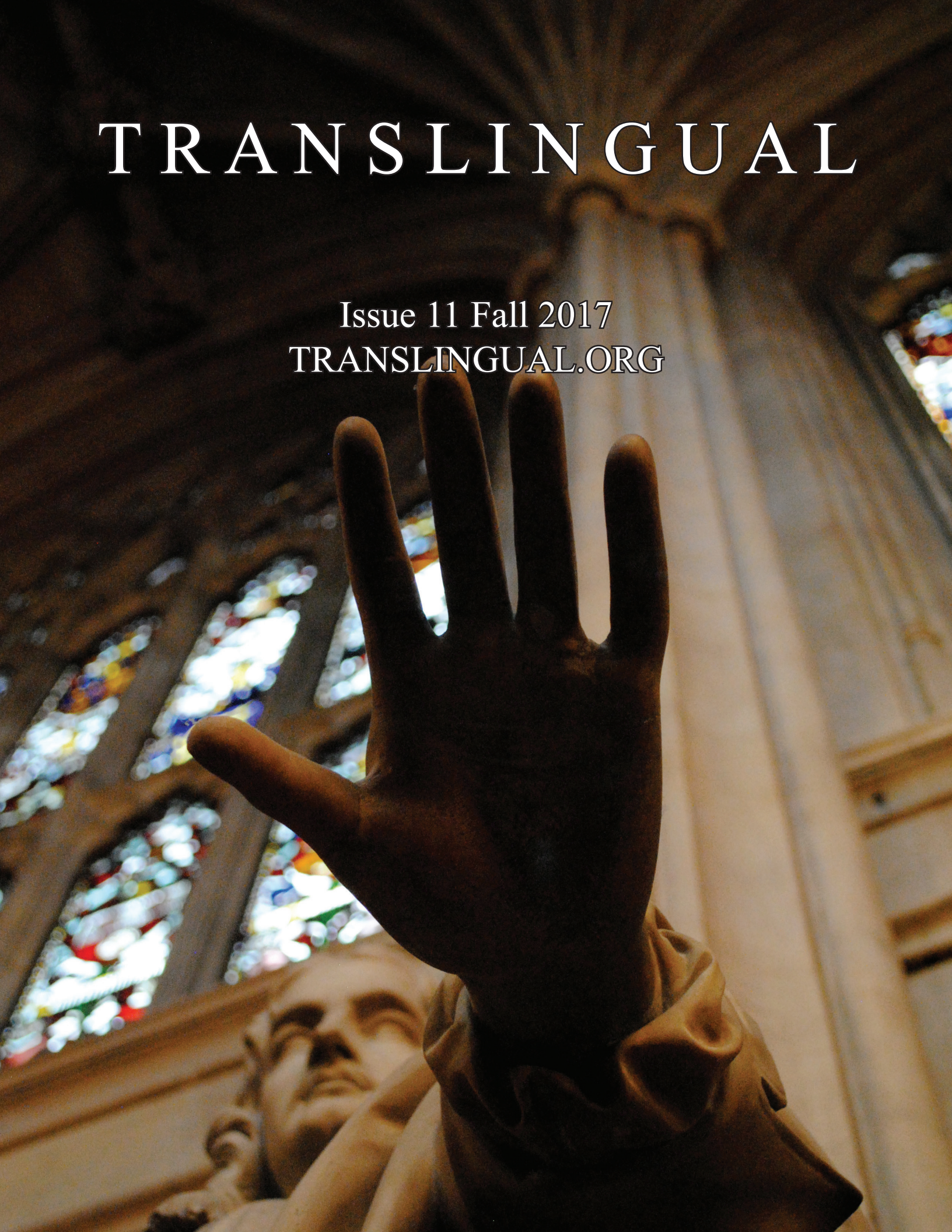

Meet the Staff

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Dear Readers,

We are so grateful for our committed editorial board and our wonderful contributors. This issue would not have been possible without them. After trials and changes from previous semesters, it is certain that the magazine has returned stronger than ever.

Now more than ever, multilingualism and multiculturalism are necessary for how we conduct ourselves in our personal and professional lives. This magazine is not only a celebration, but an indication of increasing intermingling of language and culture that colors our understanding of the world around us. This resonates not only on Middlebury's campus, but also serves as advice for the future beyond.

We hope you enjoy and appreciate the work that both visual and written contributors have done to usher in the future for Translingual Magazine.

- Jason and Shane

Cover photo by Joseph Schindler

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Photo by Shane Healy

En realidad, no estoy segura del significado de la palabra “hogar”

Encontré el hogar en un café en Moscú
En el cual pasé horas innumerables
Cantándome y enamorándome
Bebiendo océanos de té

Luego encontré el hogar
En un pueblo cerca del mar en el sud Inglaterra
No había sol,
solo bruma y nubes
pero por primera vez, no me importaba

La próxima vez que encontré el hogar
Fue en Barcelona.
Las aceras cubiertas de lluvia brillaban
A pesar de las sombras de los árboles
Y las calles formaron un laberinto

Apareció mi próximo hogar en Marruecos
En el medio de un mercado en la medina
Me perdí entre
las telas
los colores
los olores
No hubiera escapado aunque supiera cómo

He vivido lejos de mi casa por mucho tiempo
y a veces no recuerdo ni las caras de mis queridos

Estoy empezando a pensar que
Tal vez el hogar
no es un lugar
Sino
un sentimiento

بصراحة, أنا لست متأكدة أنني أعرف معنى كلمة بيت

وجدت بيت في مقهى في موسكو
حيث قضيت فيه ساعات لا تحصى
غنيت لنفسي و وقعت في الحب
وشربت محيطات من الشاي
بعد ذلك وجدت بيت في قرية في جنوب انجلترا
لم يكن هناك شمس, فقط ضباب ومطر
لكن لأول مرة في حياتي ، لم أكترث
عندما وجدت بيت في المرة التالية
كنت في برشلونة
لمعت الأرصفة المغطاة بالمطر
.رغم الظلال الملقى من الأشجار
وشكلت الشوارع متاهة
وجدت آخر بيت لى فى المغرب
في وسط سوق في مدينة قديمة
فقدت نفسي في الأقمشة والألوان والروائح
لم أكن لاهرب حتى ولو عرفت كيف
لقد كنت بعيدة عن البيت لوقت طويل
وأحيانا لا أتذكر وجوه أحبائي
لكن بدأت أعتقد أن البيت هو ليس مكانا
بل شعور

Photo by Joseph Schindler

Honestly, I'm not sure I know the meaning of the word home

I found home in a cafe in Moscow
Where I spent countless hours
Singing to myself and falling in love
And drinking oceans of tea

Then I found home in a village in the south of England
There was no sun,
only fog and clouds
But for the first time, I didn't care

The next time I found home
I was in Barcelona.
The rain-covered sidewalks shone in spite of the shadows cast by the trees
And the streets formed a maze

My next home appeared in Morocco
In the middle of a market in an old medina
I got lost in the
fabrics
colors
scents
I wouldn't have escaped even if I had known how

I've been living away from "home" for a long time now
And sometimes I don't even remember my loved ones' faces

But I'm starting to think that
Maybe home
isn't a place
as much as
a feeling

By Toni Cross

Photo by Toni Cross

写给爷爷

曾山

我突然很想念我的爷爷

他生命的最后一刻，我没有陪伴他， 可他却惦念着我，

惦念着，孩子要好好读书

爷爷每天晚上农活忙完了，会在老家里那吱吱呀呀，下着雪的电视前看节目，

他也有他的意见，党呀国家呀经济什么的

他想和我们说。

走之前，爷爷的牙齿我从来没有认真数过

我还记得，父亲和爷爷争论，地球是不是围着太阳转

老屋里飘出上世纪的四川话，旧旧焦焦，像放久了的叶子烟

爷爷不抽烟，只是和奶奶住久了，爷爷的衣服也都是这个味道

爷爷的衣服只那么一两件

一件蓝色的布衫，一件黑色的棉袄，

连黑布鞋，也是奶奶做的

我记得，奶奶走了，

他脚上的劳保绿

爷爷舍不得吃父亲给他发的糖，却还多买一些攒着，

总是等我春节回家，

塞进我的口袋里、手心里、还有书包的角落里

爷爷舍不得他的猪、他的田

到城里和父亲多住几天都不情愿

“爷爷爱他的猪比他多”

寡言的父亲幽幽地说

只是猪都卖掉了

攒出丧葬费一万多

还有三千留给子孙辈

每个人他都惦记着

爷爷走之前几年说，自己活得差不多

比新中国还老的爷爷, 一辈子都不贪多

唯独贪心的我想要再听见

老式留声机一样，

他咿咿呀呀，和我讲我也听不懂的冲壳子

“This is a piece about my grandpa who for all his life lived in the country side of Chengdu, Sichuan, China. I have been thinking a lot about him and wanted to share my memory of him. I hope my prose-poem smells like the hand-rolled cigarettes and open-fire stove in our old house - old, earthy and infinitely homey.” -Shan Zeng

Photo by Yiyi Jin

To Grandpa - by Shan Zeng

I suddenly miss my grandpa a lot
I did not get to see him during his last moments, but in those moments
He was thinking of me
He wanted me to study hard in school

Every night after he finished his farm work, grandpa watched the snowflakes
in front of the old television at our of our old house
In his little world, he had his own opinions
about the party, the country and the economy too
He wanted to talk to us
But I never counted carefully, how many teeth did grandpa have left

I still remember when dad argued with grandpa
whether the earth goes around the sun,
Sichuan dialect from a century ago drifted out of our thatched roof
old, burned, smelled like hand-rolled tobacco
Grandpa did not smoke
Having lived with grandma for so long
He smelled like tobacco too
Speaking of which,
Grandpa only had two sets of clothes:
A blue cloth outfit, a black cotton jacket,
Grandma made him all, along his black cloth shoes
I remember, after grandma left
his feet in a pair of dark-green rubber-soled

Grandpa saved up the candies dad gave him, and
bought extra
So that when I come back during Chinese New
Year
He could stuff them into my pockets, my hand,
And the corners of my school bag
Like how he stuffed money into my tightly
clutched fist

Grandpa could never leave his pigs and his land
Not even to live in the city a few days with my dad
Grandpa liked his pigs more than his son
Thus complained this reticent man
Only the pigs were sold to save
10000 yuan for his own funeral,
And 3000 yuan each for all his heirs
Everyone was counted for

A few years before he left
Grandpa said he had no regrets
Older than the new China I was born into
grandpa never asked for more
It is me the greedy one
Wanted to hear once again
Like an old recorder
His gibberish chatter in his own dialect

おーい、でてこーい　　星新一

台風が去って、すばらしい青空になった。

都会からあまりはなれていないある村でも被害があった。村はずれの山に近い所にある小さな社（やしろ）が、がけくずれで流されたのだ。

朝になってそれを知った村人たちは、

「あの社はいつからあったのだろう」

「なにしろずいぶん昔からあったらしいね」

「さっそく建てなおさなくてはならないな」

と言いかわしながら、何人かがやってきた。

「ひどくやられたものだ」

「このへんだったかな」

「いや、もう少しあっちだったようだ」

その時、一人が声を高めた。

「おい、この穴は、いったいなんだい」

みんなが集まってきたところには、径一メートルぐらいの穴があった。のぞき込んでみたが、なかは暗くてなにも見えない。だが、地球の中心までつき抜けているように深い感じがした。

「狐の穴かな」

そんなことを言った者もあった。

「おーい、でてこーい」

若者は穴にむかって叫んでみたが、底からはなんの反響もなかった。彼はつぎに、そばの石ころを拾って投げこもうとした。

「ばちがあたるかもしれないから、やめとけよ」

と老人がとめたが、彼は勢いよく石を投げこんだ。だが、底からはやはり反響がなかった。村人たちは、木を切って縄でむすんで柵をつくり、穴のまわりを囲った。そして、ひとまず村にひきあげた。

「どうしたもんだろう」

「穴の上に、もとのように社をたてとこうじゃないか」

相談がきまらないまま一日たった。早くも聞きつたえて、新聞社の自動車がかけつけた。まもなく、学者がやってきた。そして、おれにわからないことはない、といった顔つきで穴の方にむかった。つづいて、もの好きなやじうまたちが現われ、目のきょろきょろした利権屋みたいなものも、ちらほらみうけられた。駐在所の巡査は、穴に落ちる者があるといけないので、つきっきりで番をした。

新聞記者の一人は、長いひもの先におもりをつけて穴にたらした。ひもはいくらでも下っていった。しかし、ひもがつきたので戻そうとしたがあがらなかった。二、三人が手伝って無理にひっぱったら、ひもは穴のふちでちぎれた。写真機を片手にそれを見ていた記者の一人は、腰にまきつけていた丈夫な綱を黙ってほどいた。

学者は研究所に連絡して、高性能の拡声機をもってこさせた。底からの反響を調べようとしたのだ。音をいろいろ変えてみたが反響はなかった。学者は首をかしげたが、みんなが見つめているのでやめるわけに行かない。拡声機を穴にぴったりつけ、音量を最大にして、長いあいだ鳴らしつづけた。地上なら何十キロと遠くまで達する音だ。だが、穴は平然と音をのみこんだ。

学者も内心は弱ったが、落着いたそぶりで音をとめ、もっともらしい口調で、

「埋めてしまいなさい」

と言った。わからないことは、なくしてしまうのが無難だった。

見物人たちは、なんだこれでおしまいか、といった顔つきで引きあげようとした。その時、人垣をかきわけて前に出た利権屋の一人が申し出た。

「その穴をわたしにください。埋めてあげます」

村長はそれに答えた。

「埋めていただくのはありがたいが、穴をあげるわけにはいかない。そこに社をたてなくてはならないんだから」

「社ならあとでわたしがもっと立派なのをたててあげます。集会場つきにしましょうか」
　村長が答えるさきに、村の者たちが、
「本当かい。それならもっと村の近くがいい」
「穴のひとつぐらいあげますよ」
　と口々に叫んだので、きまってしまった。もっとも村長だって異議はなかった。
　その利権屋の約束は、でたらめではなかった。小さいけれど集会場つきの社を、もっと村の近くに建ててくれた。
　新しい社で秋祭りの行われた頃、利権屋の設立した穴埋め会社も、穴のそばの小屋で小さな看板をかかげた。
利権屋は、仲間を都会で猛運動させた。すばらしく深い穴がありますよ。学者たちも少なくとも五千メートルはあると言っています。原子炉のカスなんか捨てるのに絶好でしょう。
　官庁は、許可を与えた。原子力発電会社は、争って契約した。村人たちはちょっと心配したが、数千年は絶対地上に害は出ない、と説明され、また利益の配分をもらうことでなっとくした。しかも、まもなく都会から村まで立派な道路が作られたのだ。
　トラックは道路を走り、鉛の箱を運んできた。穴の上でふたはあけられ、原子炉のカスは穴のなかに落ちていった。
　外務省や防衛庁から、不要になった機密書類箱を捨てにきた。監督についてきた役人たちは、ゴルフのことを話しあっていた。下っぱの役人たちは、書類を投げこみながら、パチンコの話をしていた。
　穴はいっぱいになる気配を示さなかった。よっぽど深いのか、それとも、底の方でひろがっているのかも知れないと思われた。穴埋め会社は、少しずつ事業を拡張した。
　大学で伝染病の実験に使われた動物の死骸も運ばれてきたし、引き取り手のない浮浪者の死体もくわわった。海に捨てるよりいいと、都会の汚物を長いパイプで穴まで導く計画も立った。
　穴は都会の住民たちに安心感を与えた。つぎつぎと生産することばかりに熱心で、あとしまつに頭を使うのはだれもがいやがっていたのだ。また、ひとびとは生産会社や販売会社でばかり働きたがり、くず屋にはなりたがらなかった。しかし、この問題も、穴によって、すこしずつ解決していくだろうと思われた。
　婚約のきまった女の子は、古い日記を穴にすてた。かつての恋人ととった写真を穴にすてて新しい恋愛をはじめる人もいた。警察では押収した巧妙なにせ札を穴でしまつして安心した。犯罪者たちは証拠物件を穴に投げ込んでほっとした。
　穴は、捨てたいものは、なんでも引き受けてくれた。穴は、都会の汚れを洗い流してくれ、海や空が以前にくらべていくらか澄んできたように見えた。
　その空をめざして、新しいビルが、つぎつぎと作られていった。

　ある日、建築中のビルの高い鉄骨の上で鋲打ち作業を終えた工員が、ひと休みしていた。彼は頭の上で、
「おーい、でてこーい」
　と叫ぶ声を聞いた。しかし、見上げた空にはなにもなかった。青空がひろがっているだけだった。彼は、気のせいかな、と思った。そして、もとの姿勢にもどった時、声のした方角から小さな石ころが彼をかすめて落ちていった。
　だが彼は、ますます美しくなってゆく都会のスカイラインをぼんやり眺めていたので、それには気がつかなかった。

Photo by Shane Healy

Hey, Come On Out! By Shinichi Hoshi

Translated by Shane Healy

The typhoon passed, and the sky turned a magnificent shade of blue. Even a certain village not far from the city had suffered some damage. A small shrine on the outskirts of the village, near the mountains, had been washed away in a landslide.

In the morning, a few villagers discovered this, and began to talk amongst themselves.

"I wonder how long it was out here."

"An awful long time, in any case."

"We've gotta build it back up right away."

As they did, several more of them came along.

"It sure did take a hit."

"Didn't it used to be over here before?"

"Nah, looks like it was a bit more over that way."

Just then, one of them called out loudly to the rest: "Hey, what's up with this hole?"

Everybody gathered around the hole, which was about a meter in diameter, and peered down into it, but inside it was so dark that they couldn't see a thing. However, one had the sense that it was so deep it went straight down to the center of the earth.

"I wonder if it's a fox hole," somebody said.

"Hey, come on out!" A young man shouted down into the hole, but not so much as an echo came back from its depths. He then picked up a nearby stone, and was about to throw it in when an old man stopped him.

"Knock it off, you're going to get us cursed," he said, but the young man ignored him and threw the stone down into the hole with great force. However, there was no echo this time, either. The villagers cut down some trees, tied them together with rope, and built a fence surrounding the hole. Afterward, they retreated to the village for the time being.

"What should we do?"

"I reckon we should just build the shrine over it again, like it was before."

A day passed without any kind of decision being reached. Word spread quickly, and the newspaper company sent a car rushing over.

Before long, a scientist arrived as well, and made his way over to the hole with an expression that seemed to say he knew everything. After that came groups of gawking onlookers, and even a shifty-eyed profiteer or two popped up here and there. The local police force guarded the hole at all times so that nobody fell into it.

A newspaper reporter tied a weight to the end of a length of rope and lowered it into the hole. It kept going further and further down, without ever reaching bottom. However, when the rope ran out and they tried to pull it back up, it didn't budge at all. Two or three more people helped him out, but they pulled too hard and the rope broke off on the edge of the hole. Another reporter saw this happen, camera in hand, and silently untied the strong braided rope that he had wrapped around his waist.

The scientist contacted his laboratory and had them bring him a high-powered megaphone, so he could study the way that sounds echoed off the bottom. He tried all kinds of different sounds, but there was still no echo from any of them. He tilted his head in confusion, but there was no way he could give up while everybody was watching him so closely. He put the megaphone right up against the hole, turned up the volume all the way, and blasted it for a long time. On land, the sound would have carried for more than several dozen kilometers, but the hole just swallowed it all up like it was nothing. On the inside the scientist was perplexed, but he turned off the megaphone with a composed expression, and in a dignified tone of voice said "Fill it in." It was safest to get rid of anything which one did not understand.

The onlookers began to all walk away, disappointed with how this all was ending, but just then, a profiteer who had pushed his way to the front of the crowd made a suggestion: "Please leave this hole to me. I'll fill it in for you."

"In that case, I'll build you an even nicer shrine when I'm done. I'll even throw in a meeting hall."

Before the mayor could answer, the villagers began to all shout out at once.

"Really? You should make it closer to the village, then."

"It's just a hole, after all. Let him have it."

And so it was decided. Even the mayor had no objections.

"I would be grateful for that," the mayor of the village said, "but we have to build a shrine there, so I can't just hand it over to you."

"In that case, I'll build you an even nicer shrine when I'm done. I'll even throw in a meeting hall."

Before the mayor could answer, the villagers began to all shout out at once.

"Really? You should make it closer to the village, then."

"It's just a hole, after all. Let him have it."

And so it was decided. Even the mayor had no objections.

The profiteer kept his promise, and built a shrine that, albeit small, was much closer to the village and had a meeting hall attached to it.

Around the time the autumn festival took place at the new shrine, the company the profiteer had created to fill in the hole set up shop in a small shed built along its rim.

The profiteer had his cronies launch an aggressive promotional campaign in the city. "Our hole is so deep, scientists say it goes down for over five thousand meters! It's perfect for getting rid of stuff like nuclear waste."

The authorities gave their permission, and nuclear power companies competed for contracts. The villagers were a little worried, but consented when they were told that any contamination wouldn't reach the surface at all for several thousand more years, and also that they would be getting a share of the profits. Furthermore, a fine new road was soon built to connect the village to the city.

Trucks came down the road, carrying lead boxes with them. The lids were opened above the hole, and the nuclear waste tumbled down into it.

Boxes from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Defense arrived, full of classified documents that were no longer needed. The officials who came to supervise their disposal talked to each other about golf, and those of lesser rank talked instead about gambling as they threw sheaves of documents down into the hole.

The hole showed no signs of filling up. Everybody thought that it must be very deep, or else that it must widen considerably at the bottom. The hole-filling company began to expand their business, little by little.

The bodies of animals used in contagious disease experiments were brought from universities and dumped in alongside the unclaimed corpses of vagrants. Everyone thought that this was better than throwing everything in the ocean, and made a plan to build a long pipe that would carry trash from the city out to the hole.

The hole gave the residents of the city a sense of security. They began to focus intently on putting out one product after another, without wanting to consider the consequences. Everybody wanted to work for manufacturers and sales companies, but nobody wanted to become a garbage man. Many people thought that the hole would eventually solve this problem, too.

Girls who had gotten engaged threw their old diaries in the hole, and people who were starting new relationships threw away pictures that they had taken with their former lovers. The police used the hole to dispose of all the cleverly forged bills they had seized, and criminals threw damning evidence down into the hole with sighs of relief.

The hole took in anything and everything that people wanted to throw away. It washed away the filth of the city, and made both the sea and the sky seem even clearer than before.

New buildings were put up one after another, pointing skyward.

One day, atop the tall steel frame of a building under construction, a riveter was taking a short rest after finishing up his work when he heard someone shout from up above him, "Hey, come on out!" When he looked up, though, there was nothing there except for the blue sky spread out above him. He decided that it was only his imagination, and had just assumed his former stance when a small pebble came falling from the direction of the voice and skimmed past him.

However, the riveter was gazing idly at the city skyline, which was growing more and more beautiful all the time, and didn't even notice.

Photo by Shane Healy

고통
가장 따듯한 데를
추워도 안 타는 시계가 차지하고 있다
그 옆에 기억을 빨아들이는 진공청소기
비쩍 마르고 오들오들 떠는 것들을
어두운 구석으로 몰아넣는다
열정이니 고양감이니 사랑이니 우정이니
시니 음악이니 존재니
행복감이니 다행감이니
심장이 찌그러진다
찌그러져라, 참혹하게 찌그러져
터져버려라
연식 오랜 시계여
진공청소기여
피도 눈물도, 눈도 코도 귀도,
아무 감각도 없는 것이여
- 황인숙, 못다 한 사랑이 너무 많아서

This is an extremely beautifully written piece that has a lot of interesting contrast and raw emotion. -Lia Yeh

Photo by Joseph Schindler

Pain
A watch that does not burn despite the cold
Occupies the warmest spot
Next to it lies a vacuum that sucks up memories
I drive those gaunt, shivering figures
Into a dark corner
Whether it be passion,
Exhilaration,
Love,
Intimacy,
Poetry,
Music,
Existence,
Happiness,
Relief,
My heart distorts
It's distorting, in a wretched way
Exploding
You are a seemingly old watch
You are a vacuum
Blood, tears, eyes, nose, ears,
A sliver of emotion, you have none of those
- Hwang In-sook, Because There Was Too Much Love I Couldn't Complete
Translated by Lia Yeh

how many grains of sand are in the desert?

I went to the desert
in order to be alone
I didn't want to feel lonely
I just wanted to be by myself
I sat down & wrote my name in the sand
waiting for the wind to erase every letter
I looked around me
in every direction I saw billions of grains of sand
and I realized that loneliness is impossible in the desert

how many grains of sand are in the desert?
by Toni Cross

¿Cuántos granos de arena hay en el desierto?

fui al desierto
para estar sola
no quería sentirme sola
sino estar a solas
me senté y escribí mi nombre en la arena
esperando que el viento borrará cada letra
miré alrededor
vi en cada dirección miles de millones de granos de arena
y me di cuenta que la soledad es imposible en el desierto

كم حبة من الرمل في الصحراء؟
ذهبت إلى الصحراء
كي أكون لوحدي
لم أرد أن أشعر بالوحدة
بل أردت فقط أن أكون وحيدة
جلست وكتبت اسمي في الرمل
.وانا انتظر ان يمحو الريح كل حرف
نظرت حولي
وفي كل اتجاه رأيت ملايين من الحبوب من الرمل
الصحراء وأدركت أن الوحدة مستحيلة في

Pneumothorax by Manuel Bandeira

Translation by Bernardo Portilho Andrade

Fever, lung-coughing blood, heavy breathing, and night-sweats.
The whole life that could have been and wasn't.
Cough, cough, cough.

He sent for the doctor:
- Say, thirty-three
- Thirty-three… Thirty-three… Thirty-three
- Now breathe.

- You have a hole in the left lung and fluid in the right lung.
- So, doctor, isn't it possible to try a pneumothorax?
- No. The only thing you can do is play an Argentinian tango.

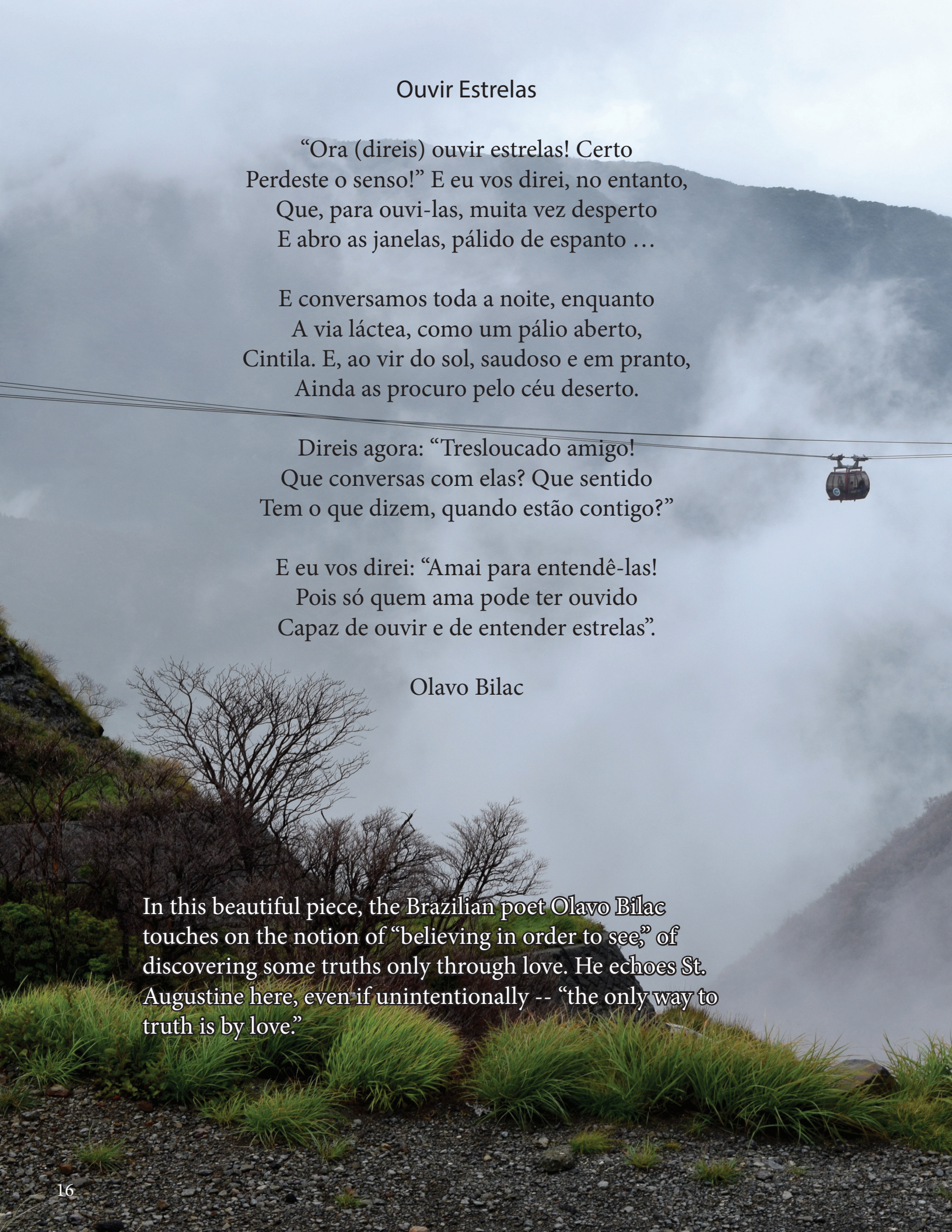
Pneumotórax de Manuel Bandeira

Febre, hemoptise, dispneia e suores noturnos.
A vida inteira que podia ter sido e que não foi.
Tosse, tosse, tosse.

Mandou chamar o médico:
- Diga trinta e três.
- Trinta e Três... Trinta e Três... Trinta e Três...
- Respire.

- O senhor tem uma escavação no pulmão esquerdo e o pulmão direito infiltrado.
- Então, doutor, não é possível tentar o pneumotórax?
- Não. A única coisa a fazer é tocar um tango argentino.

Photo by Joseph Schindler



Ouvir Estrelas

"Ora (direis) ouvir estrelas! Certo
Perdeste o senso!" E eu vos direi, no entanto,
Que, para ouvi-las, muita vez desperto
E abro as janelas, pálido de espanto …

E conversamos toda a noite, enquanto
A via láctea, como um pálio aberto,
Cintila. E, ao vir do sol, saudoso e em pranto,
Ainda as procuro pelo céu deserto.

Direis agora: "Tresloucado amigo!
Que conversas com elas? Que sentido
Tem o que dizem, quando estão contigo?"

E eu vos direi: "Amai para entendê-las!
Pois só quem ama pode ter ouvido
Capaz de ouvir e de entender estrelas".

Olavo Bilac

In this beautiful piece, the Brazilian poet Olavo Bilac touches on the notion of "believing in order to see," of discovering some truths only through love. He echoes St. Augustine here, even if unintentionally -- "the only way to truth is by love."

Listening to Stars

"Oh, come now (you'll say), listening to stars! It's clear
You've lost your mind!" And I'll tell you anyway,
I often wake to hear what they say
And I open the windows, pale with fear…

And we talk all night long, while high
The Milky Way, like an outspread robe, appears
To shine. Then –at the sun's arrival, longing and in tears–
I look for them in the deserted sky.

And now you'll say: "My poor, crazed friend!
Of what do you speak with them? What sense
Has what they say, when your ears they bend?"

And I'll say unto you: "To hear them, you must love!
For only he who loves may have ears awake enough
To hear and understand the stars above."

Olavo Bilac

Translated by
Bernardo Portilho Andrade

Photo by Shane Healy

Agua potable

de Jason Meuse

Un líquido remolinando en el vaso,
Me sirvo más veneno.
Más dolor, más tinieblas,
Más negando lo que llena el vacío.

Se permite fluir por mí.
Un chico quemando hojas fulminantes,
Con una lupa en el otoño.
Las llamas, hilos de vida consumen,
Y solo los cadáveres sin color permanecen.
Rompiendo ramas, tirando piedras al río.
Él molesta el cosmos para calmarse.
Purificación por fuego nunca dirige.

Soy tan pequeño,
Como los ratones en el bosque,
Pero tengo dirección; solo que no sé adónde.
Los bosques solamente son tranquilos durante el día.

Tallé los árboles para ayudar mi regreso al amanecer.
Y dejé unas cicatrices feas que ellos deseaban.

Pero ellos son acostumbrados a la tortura.
El olmo más grande está cortado por la espada,
Manchado de lodo, llevando harapos raídos cuando el invierno aprieta su puño.

Pero un golpe suave detrás de la calavera se pulsa al extremo de mi sueño nervioso.
Persistente, algo morbo demente que tiembla mi mente encerrada.
¿Eran siempre allá?
Abro la puerta al golpe, tomo un trago,
Veneno vil, no. Pero agua pura,
Se fluye del giro de vaso.

"This poem is an expression of finding the truth and the persistence of first instincts."

—Jason Meuse

Drinking water

by Jason Meuse

Liquid swirling in the glass,
I pour myself more poison.
More pain, more darkness,
More denying what fills up the emptiness.

I let it flow through me.
A boy burning withering leaves
With a magnifying glass in autumn,
Letting the flames consume threads of life and
Leaving behind grayed corpses.
Breaking branches, throwing stones into the river,
Disrupts the order to get out of his head.
Purification by fire never lit the way.

I'm so small,
Like those little wood mice,
But I have a direction, only I don't know where I'm going,
Forests are only serene in the daytime.
I scored the trees so I could find my way back, come dawn,
Leaving ugly scars they didn't ask for.
Those trees are used to it, though.
The greatest elm is pockmarked by swords,
Stained with mud, wearing ratty robes when winter clenches its fist.

But a soft knocking behind my skull taps at the edge of my venomous fever dream.
Persistent, some insane affliction, disturbing my locked away sanctity.
Was it always there?
I let the knocking in, take a drink,
Vile poison, no. But pure water
Flows from the swirling glass.

Photo by Joseph Schindler

A Year in Viber Notifications

By Rebecca Duras

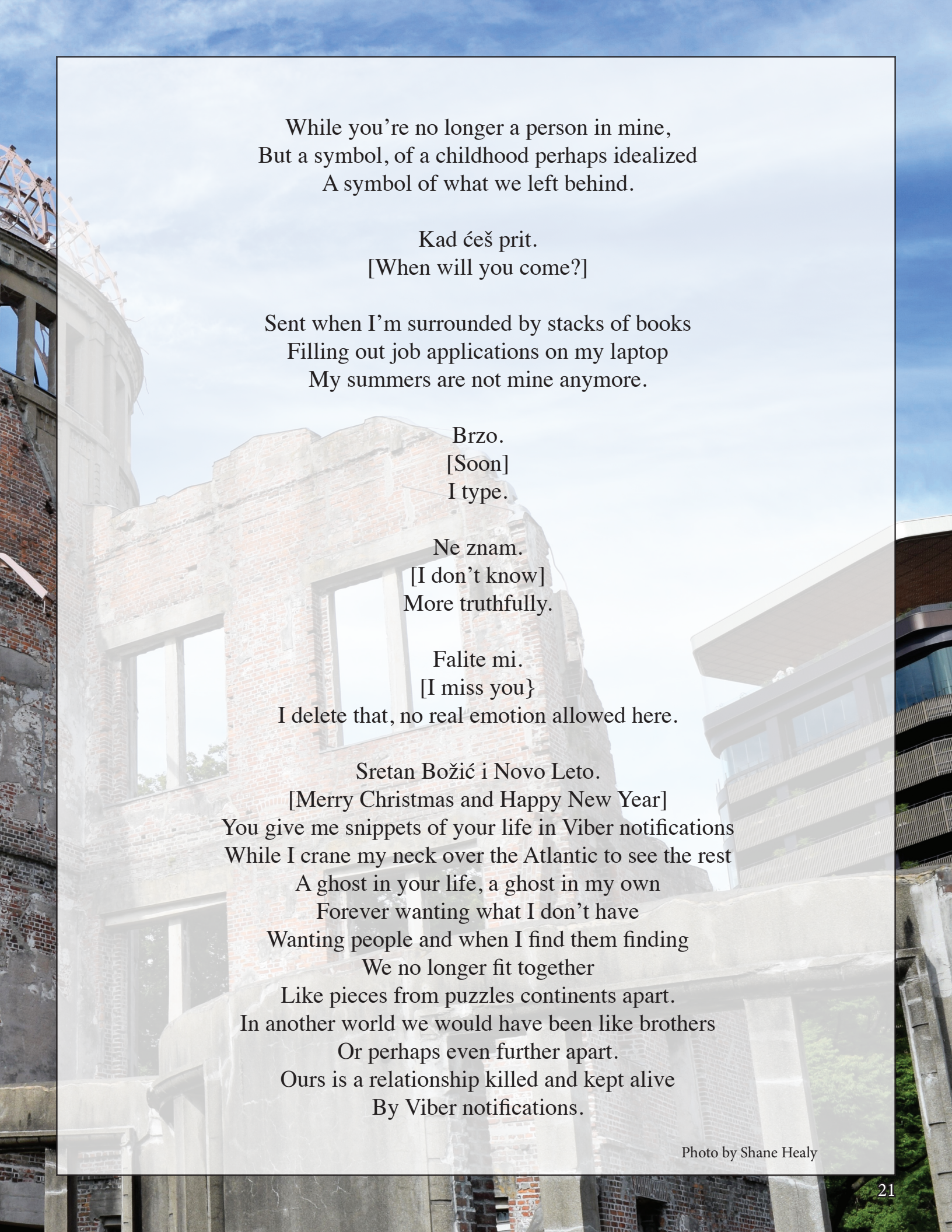
Sretno novo leto.
[Happy New Year]
Hvala, također.
[Thank you, same to you.]

We sit at our table of three
After mass in our language
(held in the real church's basement)
Asking to be Skyped in for a real family dinner.

De pošalji mi slike od mačkare molin te.
[Hey, send me pictures from carnival}
Send me pictures of the festival I'll never see
With people I will never know again
Not since "cool cousin from America"
Became "cousin come to annoy us from America."
Or worse
People who've forgotten me.

Sretan Vazan!
[Happy Easter!]
Također.
[Same to you]
Only two days in the year, you text first
If it happens otherwise, it's a bigger miracle
Than Jesus' rising.

Sretan rođendan.[Happy birthday]
Hvala. [Thank you}
Zašto ti meni nikad ne čestitaš
[Why do you never wish me -]
[deleted]
The dawning realization that I am a footnote in your life
A fifty-dollar bill stuffed in an envelope once a year



While you're no longer a person in mine,
But a symbol, of a childhood perhaps idealized
A symbol of what we left behind.

Kad ćeš prit.
[When will you come?]

Sent when I'm surrounded by stacks of books
Filling out job applications on my laptop
My summers are not mine anymore.

Brzo.
[Soon]
I type.

Ne znam.
[I don't know]
More truthfully.

Falite mi.
[I miss you}
I delete that, no real emotion allowed here.

Sretan Božić i Novo Leto.
[Merry Christmas and Happy New Year]
You give me snippets of your life in Viber notifications
While I crane my neck over the Atlantic to see the rest
A ghost in your life, a ghost in my own
Forever wanting what I don't have
Wanting people and when I find them finding
We no longer fit together
Like pieces from puzzles continents apart.
In another world we would have been like brothers
Or perhaps even further apart.
Ours is a relationship killed and kept alive
By Viber notifications.

Photo by Shane Healy

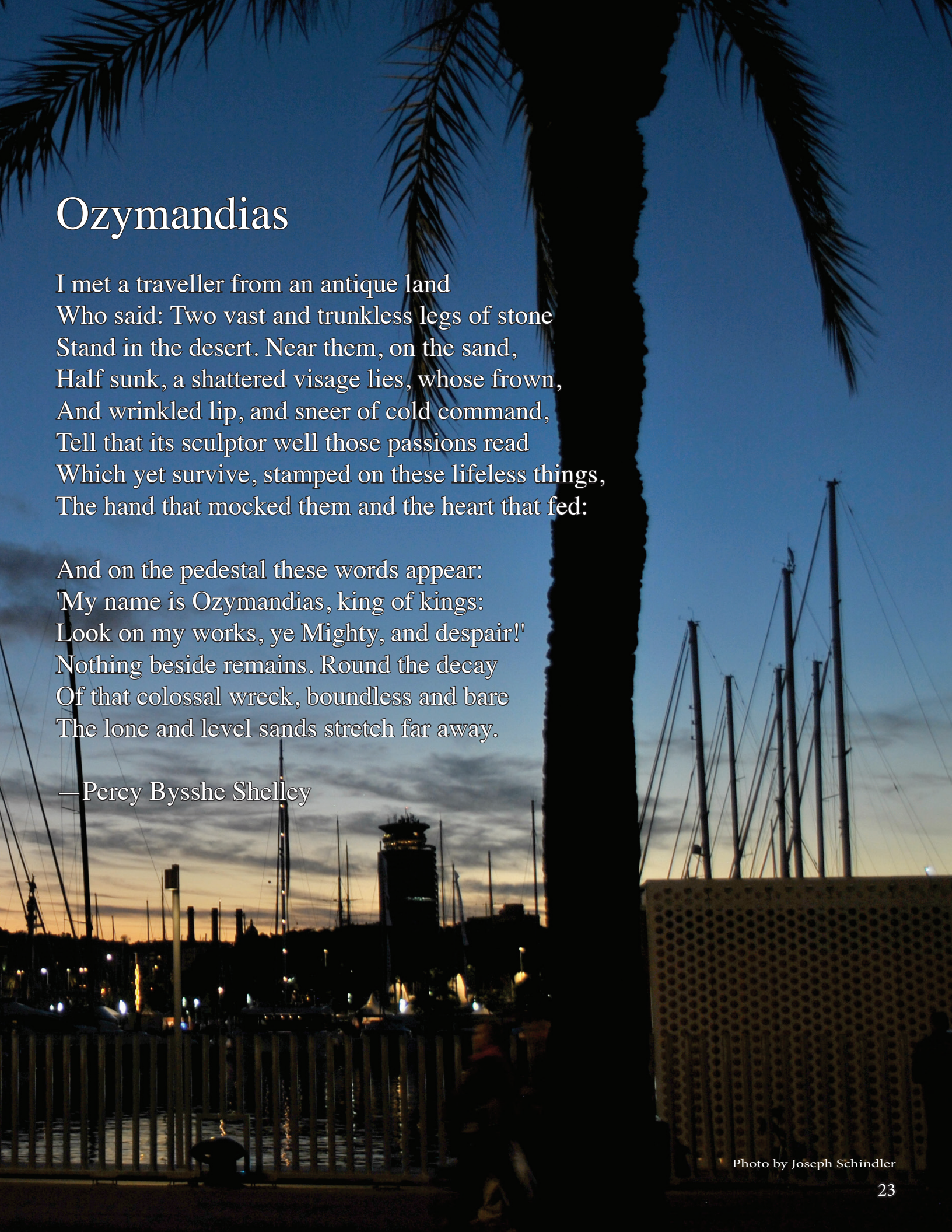
Ozymandias

Translated by Kian Waddell

J’ai rencontré un voyageur des terres antiques
Qui a dit: « Deux jambes de pierre vastes et sans corps
Restent debout dans le désert. Près d’eux, dans le sable,
À moitié caché, une visage brisée qui, avec regard noir,
Lèvres risées, et le sourire froid de pouvoir,
Montre que le sculpteur a bien lu ces passions
Qui survivent encore, gravées sur ces objets sans vie,
Aux mains qui les moquaient et au cœur qui les nourrit :

Et sur le piédestal, ces mots apparaissent :
‘Je suis Ozymandias, Roi des Rois :
Regardez mes œuvres, ô Puissant, et ayez peur!’
Rien d’autre ne reste. Autour des vestiges
De cette ruine colossale, infini et nu
Les sables plats et seuls s’étirent au loin.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley



Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:

And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

Photo by Joseph Schindler

Fronteras

de Meiriely Amaral

Eu sou Brasileira. Nací en Curitiba, Paraná, Brasil. Yo crecí en Curitiba con mi tía, porque mi madre se fue a los Estados Unidos cuando yo tenía un año. Me mudé a los Estados Unidos en diciembre de 2005 cuando tenía ocho años. No podía ir a los Estados Unidos solita, y mi madre me había prometido que vendría por mi a Brasil para llevarme a los Estados Unidos. Desafortunadamente su visa no estaba funcionando entonces mi padrastro fue a Brasil y me llevó hasta los Estados Unidos. Entonces, conocí un extranjero, mi nuevo papa, que no hablaba portugués, y tenía que salir de mi patria con él. Llegué a otro país donde me reencontré con mi madre después de siete años y conocí a mis hermanos que habían nacido en Nueva York. Después de hablar solamente portugués por ocho años con mis tias y mis primos, la lengua fue una frontera con mi nueva familia porque la mayoría de ellos hablaban inglés y yo no lo hablaba.

Al final yo aprendí inglés. Mi inglés se desarrolló porque tuve una educación en inglés, pero al mismo tiempo yo hablaba portugués en la casa. Hay cosas básicas que yo he olvidado decir en inglés, pero al mismo tiempo no puedo tener conversas acadêmicas en portugués. Creo que, en los Estados Unidos, el inglés se trata con mucha importancia, aunque hay muchas lenguas que se habla en este país. Para mí, fue una frontera porque no podía desarrollar minhas duas lenguas juntas. Podía hablar con mi padre en inglés sobre algunas cosas, pero no tenía el vocabulario para hacer lo mismo con mi madre. Esto fue una frontera para mí, y creo que también es así para muchas personas en los Estados Unidos. No sé la solución, pero me gustaría mucho que el inglés no fuera tratado como la lengua más importante o más merecida de enseñar.

No soy una hablante nativa de español, pero lo aprendí en la escuela secundaria. La verdad es que fue una clase fácil para mí porque mi portugués me ayudaba y yo sempre podía hablar un portuñol y sobrevivir en las clases de Español. Además como la mayoría de mi familia está en Brasil todavía, cuando mi madre, abuela y bisabuela llegaron a los Estados Unidos, ellas hicieron muchos amigos aquí que hoy en día son una extensión de nuestra familia. Todos estos amigos son hispanos o brasileños porque nuestras culturas fácilmente se mezclan, y como resultado he escuchado español por una gran parte de mi vida en los Estados Unidos. No sería una fiesta familiar sin bachata y suavemente ni samba y forró. Quise aprender español con seriedad y sentirme mais confortável hablando ya que también es una parte de mi cultura.

Para mí es muy importante que pueda expresarme en otras lenguas. Es por esto que me identifico con la canción Latinoamérica de Calle 13 que expresa el valor de ser latinoamericano y habla sobre los sufrimientos y orgullos de las personas latinoamericanas. Yo me relaciono mucho con el verso "La sangre dentro de tus venas" ya que uso las lenguas para expresar la sangre vibrante en mis venas. A veces, en inglés, siento que no puedo expresarme con tanta emoción o transparencia como puedo hacerlo en portugués. A veces, hay una palabra en español que es tan perfecta para la situación, y no puedo encontrar su equivalente en inglés. Sinto-me muda; el portugués, el inglés y el español se mezclan fácilmente en mi mente. "Frontera" para mi significa o misturar culturas y mezclar lenguajes. "Fronteras" significa también tener una identidad llena de diferencias. "Frontera" soy yo; crecí en Brasil y soy brasileña, mi padrastro -al que considero mi padre- y su familia son de India, yo estudio en los Estados Unidos y mi segunda familia es hispana.

La mayoría del tiempo la razón por la cual las personas inmigran es porque la vida económica en los Estados Unidos es mucho mejor que en otros países. Esto es una razón perfectamente válida y comprensible, pero al mismo tiempo los inmigrantes se juzgan por venir a este país. No es solo esto, también el proceso de obtener papeles

no es fácil. Muchas veces la lengua es una frontera para obtener estos papeles, porque aunque existen formularios de inmigración en otros idiomas, injustamente a veces las personas no tienen el nivel de educación "apropiada" para entender todas las palabras. Además el costo de este proceso es caro, una otra frontera.Con todas las herramientas que adquirí al llegar a este país, aprender ingles e ir a la escuela, hoy en día tengo la capaz para ayudar a mi familia con estos procesos legales. Siento mucha pena al saber que existan familias trabajadoras que aspiran una vida mejor en los Estados Unidos pero no pueden obtener documentos a causa de las fronteras. La canción "Latinoamérica" también tiene un verso que dice: "Un discurso político sin saliva". Esto me hace pensar en mi abuela, que ha trabajado duramente y solo ahora -después de 20 años en este país- tiene los recursos para postular a una tarjeta de residencia. Esto me hace pensar, también, en mi bisabuela, que vivió en los Estados unidos por 17 años pero regresó a Brasil porque no aguantaba más limpiando casas todo el dia y quería un país que reconociera su humanidad. Mi madre y yo finalmente somos ciudadanas, desde mayo del 2015. Mi madre aplicó para la tarjeta de residencia de mi abuela en julio de 2016. Somos afortunadas ya que algunas de nosotras podemos ser parte de este país, y así podemos ayudar a mi abuela también con el proceso de inmigración, que es imposible para la mayoría de los inmigrantes y personas como mi bisabuela.

Es impresionante como desde muy pequeña me he enfrentado a temas de la frontera sin estar conciente de esto. Es ahora—en mi paso por la universidad—cuando entiendo y dialogo sobre la construcción de mi identidad y de muchas otras personas en los Estados Unidos. Finalmente tengo las palabras y los conceptos para verbalizar lo que sentí en meu coração toda mi vida y darle un sentido más crítico y reflexivo a lo he sido y seré: cheia de fronteiras.

Photo by Joseph Schindler

Fronteiras

by Meiriely Amaral

Eu sou Brasileira. I was born in Curitiba, Paraná, Brazil. I grew up there with my aunt, because my mom went to the United States when I was one. I moved to the United States in December of 2005 when I was eight years old. I could not go to the United States alone, and my mom had promised that she would come to Brazil and take me to the United States. Unfortunately, her visa was not working, so my stepfather went to Brazil and brought me to the United States. So, I met a stranger, my new dad, who did not speak Portuguese, and I had to leave my homeland with him. I arrived in a new country where I reunited with my mom after seven years and I met my brothers who had been born in New York. After speaking only Portuguese for eight years with my aunts and cousins, language was a new obstacle, or fronteira, with my new family because most of them spoke English and I did not.

In the end, I did learn English. My English developed because I got most of my education in English, but at the same time I spoke Portuguese at home. There are basic things that I forget how to say in English, but at the same time I cannot have conversas acadêmicas in Portuguese. I think that in the United States, English is treated with a lot of importance, even though so many other languages are spoken in this country. For me, it was a fronteira not to be able to develop minhas duas línguas together. I could speak with my stepfather, who to me is my real dad, in English about some things, but I did not have the vocabulary to do the same with my mom. This was a fronteira for me, and I think it is for many people in the United States. I do not know the solution for this, but I would like it if English was not treated like the language most important to teach or most deserving of being taught.

I am not a native Spanish speaker, but I learned it in middle school and high school. The truth is that it was an easy class for me because Portuguese helped me and I could sempre speak portuñol and get by in my Spanish classes. Besides, since most of my family is in Brazil, when my mom, grandma, and great grandma arrived in the United States, they made many friends that now are an extension of our family. These friends are Hispanic and Brazilian because our cultures easily merge, and so I've been around Spanish my whole life in the United States. It was not a family party without bachata and suavemente, or samba and forró. I wanted to learn Spanish more seriously, and feel mais confortável speaking it since it was also part of my culture.

It is very important for me to be able to express myself in other languages. It is for this reason that I identify with the song "Latinoamérica" by Calle 13 that expresses the value of being Latin American and speaks on the hardships and pride of Latin American people. I relate a lot with the line "La sangre dentro de tus venas," because I use languages to express the vibrant blood in my veins. Sometimes, in English, I feel like I cannot express myself with as much emotion or clarity as I can in Portuguese. Sometimes, there is a word in Spanish that is so perfect for the situation, and I cannot find its equivalent in English. Sinto-me tongue-tied; Portuguese, English, and Spanish merge easily in my head. Fronteira, or obstacle, for me means misturar cultures and merge languages. Fronteiras mean to have an identity full of differences. Fronteira is me; I grew up in Brazil and am Brazilian; my father and his family are Indian; I am studying in the United States, and my extended family is Hispanic.

Most of the time the reason why people immigrate is because life in the United States is economically more stable than in other countries. This is perfectly valid and understandable, but at the same time immigrants are judged for coming here. Not only that, but the process to become documented is not easy. Many times language is a fronteira to becoming documented, because even though there are immigration forms in other languages, often unjustly people do not have the "appropriate" level of education to understand all the words. Besides, this process is expensive, which is another fronteira.

With all the tools I've obtained in coming to this country, learning English, and going to school, I have the capability to help my family with these legal processes. I feel sorry to know that hardworking families exist, who hope for a better life in the United States but cannot get documented because of fronteiras. The song "Latinoamérica" also has a line that says: "Un discurso político sin saliva." This makes me think of my grandma, who has worked hard and just now – after 20 years in this country – has the resources to apply for a green card. This also makes me think of my great grandma, who lived in this country for 17 years but returned to Brazil because she could no longer endure cleaning houses every day and wanted a country that recognized her humanity. My mom and I are finally citizens, as of May of 2015. My mom applied for my grandma's green card in July of 2016. We are lucky that some of us can be part of this country in the way the government recognizes people, and in that way, can help my grandma with the immigration process, which is impossible to navigate for most people and people like my great-grandma.

It is awe-inspiring how since I was very little I have faced fronteiras without being conscious of this. It is now —as I am going through college— that I understand and am able to talk about the construction of my identity and of many other people's in the United States. Finally, I have the words and concepts to verbalize what I have felt in meu coração my whole life and to give a more critical and reflective meaning to what I've been and continue being: cheia de fronteiras.

"This piece was originally something I had to write for my Spanish class last year. The class was called Comparative Borderlands, and this paper was a reflective paper about our relationship with the word frontera. I've edited it for the purposes of the magazine— took out references to readings, translated to English. I really loved writing it because I got to use languages that mean so much to me to express something very close to my heart."

—Meiriely Amaral

Photo by Joseph Schindler

蘇軾　　水調歌頭

明月幾時有、把酒問青天。不知天上宮闕、今夕是何年。我欲乘風歸去、
又恐瓊樓玉宇、高處不勝寒。起舞弄清影、何似在人間。
轉朱閣、低綺戶、照無眠。不應有恨、何事長向別時圓。人有悲歡離合、
月有陰晴圓缺、此事古難全。但願人長久、千里共嬋娟。

Sū Shì (1037–1101): On Moon Festival[1] , to the tune of "Prélude sur l'eau", for my brother Ziyou

How often is there a brilliant moon like this?
I raise my goblet and question the sky,
wondering, in the great halls of heaven
what day, of what year, is now coming by?
I desire to ride on the wind and go yonder
to those mansions of jade, but fear hinders
me, for up there the chill must be unbearable.
So I dance now and play with my brittle shadows
with a joy unlikely found in the land of mortals.

Turning towards painted pavilions,
seeping through embroidered windows,
she shines upon the sleepless one…
Surely she bears no grudge against us
but why such splendor when we are separated?
Just as men have grief, happiness, union and parting,
the moon may be clear or obscured, waxing or waning.
Nothing has been perfect since ancient times.
Yet I wish that we might both live a long life
to admire, though miles apart, the very same moonlight.

Translated by Wentao Zhai

[1] Moon Festival, or Mid-Autumn Festival, is the fifteenth day of the eighth month in the lunar calendar and usually falls in mid- to late September. It is traditionally an occasion for the family gatherings.

無題（秋）
シェーン・ヒリ ＝著

傷口に
弁慶草や
秋に死す

桐一葉
地面に落ちる
羽のよう

妖精が
森をさまよう
宵闇に

Untitled (Autumn)
by Shane Healy

Press into my wound
The flower of the orpine;
Death comes in autumn

Paulownia leaves
Litter the frozen ground like
Fallen angel wings

Forest sprites wander
Through the thickening darkness
Weaving through the trees

泳ぐのは
魚の希望
この池で

A fish desires
Only to swim;
This pond will do

By Ben Freedman

無題（俳句と短歌）
ジェニー・ド＝著
Untitled (Haiku and Tanka)
By Jenny Do

秋だっと
風にそよいで
桐一葉

“It’s autumn,”
The leaf said as it fell,
blown by the cold breeze

林檎の
噛み切る音が
秋を鳴る

The crunch of the
crisp apple rang with the
sound of autumn

This is a set of haiku composed as a part of the Japanese 475 class around the theme of autumn.

帰り中
中秋月の
大きさに
疲れを忘れ
肩の荷下りた

On the way home,
at the sight of the
mid-autumn moon,
I forgot my tiredness
and a weight lifted from my
shoulders

サラサラと
満遍なくて
葉が動く
見えぬ秋風
に息を飲んだ

All around me
leaves rustle quietly.
At this unseen autumn wind
I unknowingly held my
breath

紅葉狩り
一緒に立ち見
１０ミリの
手の距離なのに
千里みたいや

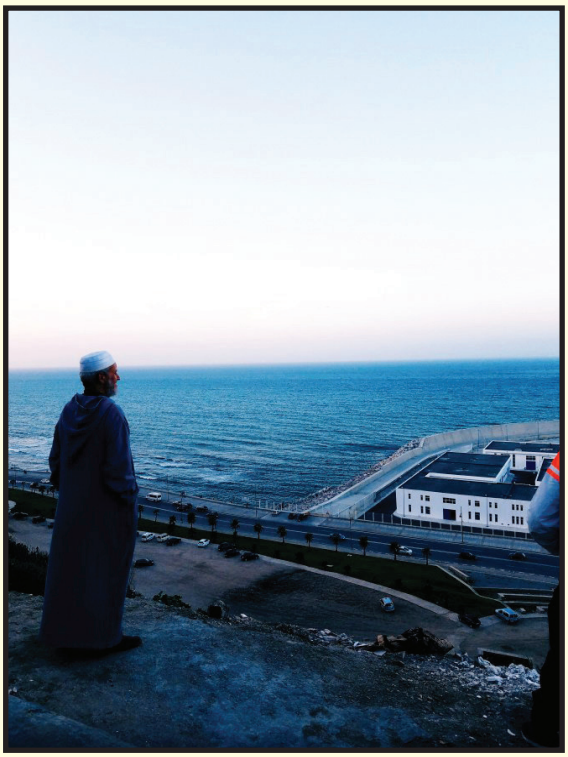
Standing together,
looking up at the leaves.
10 millimeters of distance
between our hands, yet
it feels like a thousand miles

Photo by Shane Healy

Photo Submissions

Photo by Joseph Schindler

Photo by Farid Noori



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